

ALL ABOARD FOR JUNIOR REPUBLIC!

Two Hundred More Boy and Girl Citizens to Learn What "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness" Really Means.

The Junior Republic is a miniature republic which is carried on by poor boys and girls who have gone into the country to get a chance to live. The citizens are none of them over seventeen years old. They elect their own legislature, make their own laws and enforce them. They earn their own money and pay their own bills. They are farmers, mechanics, contractors and laborers of all sorts. They have carried on their little republic successfully for two years. The republic started this year with 200 citizens, and 200 more will be added to-day. The organization would like to take in still more, but it is poor. The Journal believes that such a courageous and practical enterprise should be encouraged by every American who believes in his country and who is interested in the making of good citizens.

Cash donations already acknowledged.....\$153.30
 Sent by Mr. E. L. Hunt, Northfield, Mass..... 145.00
 3.00
 1.00
 301.30
 Name of Boys and Girls of 94.
 Saunders..... 1.00
 Smith..... 1.00
 Nash..... 1.00
 Long..... 1.00
 Ward..... 1.00
 Moon..... 1.00
 Bell..... 1.00
 8.00
 Total.....\$309.30

Freenville, July 6.—Special to the Journal.—The new citizens are ready for the new citizens. We cleaned up the whole place and every inch in spick and span order. The Chief has four new policemen. Mr. George is going to bring his badge and when he comes to-morrow, we hope we will be no need for special officers. We want to be prepared to keep the peace.

The crops are doing well. Many of the other vegetables are almost ready for the table. The new citizens will arrive early in the morning. Mr. George will bring them from New York. A committee will meet at 10 o'clock. Some of them have been here before and will understand and appreciate our way of life.

Some of them will be new to the idea of a miniature form of government, but we are sure that the merits of the Government will impress them, that it will be but a time before they are enthusiastic supporters, loyal to the Junior Republic in every way.

are often asked how we will control the new citizens who are going to come down on the country. They will have to control themselves. Our laws as they stand at present must of course be obeyed. Our Chief of Police and staff of men will see to that. If the new citizens do not like the laws, it is an easy matter for them to change them. Any one who gets a majority in the House and Senate can get a law passed.

Our citizens will not all be of one mind. But the majority will rule, as it does everywhere. We are not afraid to let the majority rule. We are about lawless boys.

When boys have the responsibilities of men and the rights of men, they are not more lawless than men. Our Republic is founded on a rock which cannot be broken—the rock of the Constitution of the United States. The new citizens are just as anxious to be independent and self-reliant as the citizens who have been here longer. They will not hinder the work of the community; they will help it. To-morrow will be a great day for the Republic.

The above telegram shows what is going on up at Greenville. The 200 new citizens left New York last night; they went on the 9 o'clock train by the Lehigh Valley road. Mr. George met his new citizens at the Corlandt street ferry at 7 o'clock. That is, he met some of them then. Some of them came at 7, some at 7:30, some at 8, some came in groups, and some came alone; they came from all parts of the city: from the crowded East Side, from the tenement district, and from the West Side, from mission schools, from college settlements, from church societies; they came from the streets, from the alleys, and from poor homes.

Some came from the homes of honest working people, some came from wretched dens in the tenements, some were ragged and dirty, and some were neat and clean; some were delicate and ill looking, and some were tough little fellows who looked as if they could live through any disaster. There were girls in the crowd—forty or more. They ranged from twelve to sixteen, and from poor little frightened, trembling things, who shrank like terrified animals, to good natured girls who tried to make some kind of a showing of neatness, with their old dresses patched and darned into a semblance of modishness. All sorts and conditions of boys and girls, alike in one poor attribute, poverty. And all in one ambition—air to breathe and food to eat, and a place to live.

One little fellow came very late. He ran into the ferry house, panting and almost breathless. "Are they gone?" he gasped to the man at the door of the house.

"Who?" said the man at the door. "The Republicans? I mean the Juniors." "Oh," said the man at the door, relaxing under a sympathetic smile. "I know. They are all in there. Boy, what are you going to be, Congressman, or Mayor, or Chief of Police, or what?"

"Go while," said the boy, grinning cheerfully. "an Alderman, what do you think?" This man at the door laughed and gave the boy a friendly shove into the room, where the others sat.

"Great idea," said the man at the door to a woman who sat watching the boys and girls. "You ought to see the little fellow that went in there a minute ago. He was a peaked-looking little fellow, with a pale face and big shining eyes. He was afraid he was too late, and when I told him he was in time, he turned whiter than ever, and I thought he was going to faint. He looked into the door and saw them all right, but seemed to be afraid to go in. I got to talking with him.

"Seems his father's dead, and his mother is dead."



200 NEW CITIZENS GOING TO THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC.

went to Brooklyn or somewhere on a visit, and he never saw her again. Said he guessed she thought he was big enough to hustle for himself. Say, he didn't come up to my above, said he was fifteen years old all right 'nough. I thought of my little boy at home, and just gave him a quarter for luck. I tried to give it to him, I mean.

"Say, you'd ought to see that little fellow straighten up. His pale little face shone. No, thank you," said he, polite enough, but proud as a peacock. "No, thank you, I don't need no money. I've got a job up at the Republic, and he walked out that door, up to that row of boys and girls like a major.

"Say, I'd bet he hasn't had a square meal in a week. Well, I felt as if I'd offered a quarter to the president of the row."

It was great fun to see the new citizens getting into the train. Some of them had never been in a railroad train before. They walked as if they were treading on eggs. Two hundred boys and girls take up a great deal of room, but Mr. George got them all settled down before the whistle blew for the train to start. Every one in the train knew who the little citizens were, and every one liked them.

The brakeman gave an extra whoop to his "All aboard for Greenville!" The new citizens leaped out of the window and waved their hands, and "All aboard to Greenville!" it was. All aboard for liberty, health and happiness.

A special correspondent from the Journal went up to the Republic with the citizens. The special correspondent is the man who went down to Cuba, and got into prison for telling the truth. He's going to send down some good, interesting descriptions of the arrival of the two hundred, and their gradual admission as free and enlightened members of the plucky little Republic.

One, two, three clubs in the field already. It doesn't take a goodly host to make up his mind, does it? Here is a letter from the Montclair Club:

Montclair, N. J., July 5.
 The Junior Republic Club was with extreme pleasure that I read a few columns devoted to your remarkable club in this morning's Journal. I think Walter Blair should have a feeling of pleasure when she realizes that so many patriotic young Americans are filled with her enthusiasm.

I am but fifteen years old, but I don't think that there were many who were more impressed with her work than myself. Why shouldn't Montclair band together and make such a club? If they enough to keep the law, and to think of hardships our forefathers endured, and how many of them laid down their lives that we might live in peace and freedom, we are sure that the old fire of patriotism and loyalty would be rekindled in their breasts, and Montclair would have a club that she might well be proud of.

As far as I am concerned, I will do all I can to form such a club, and will let Orange, our neighboring town, boast of the only club of its kind in this vicinity. Your enthusiastic friend,
 AMOS H. GOBLE, JR.

That Montclair club will stand a pretty good chance of earning the torches which will be carried in the election parade by the boys' club, which has received and aided the Junior Republic to be independent and to enjoy life and liberty and to pursue innocent happiness. But remember Elmira has a club, and she says that it's the first Junior Republic club that ever existed.

The following letter sets forth this claim in full:
 Elmira, N. Y., July 5.
 N. Y. Journal Junior Republic Bureau:
 Sir—I noticed in to-day's paper a statement to the effect that the first Junior Republic Club was formed recently in Crawford, N. Y. I beg to correct that statement by informing you that, as usual, the Empire State was in the lead in even this. For having such, some time last Fall, the Junior Republic in your columns, a number of boys of the graduating class of our school met on a night of January 1895, and founded what we then called "The Junior American Republic." We adopted for our constitution the Constitution of the United States, and as our by-laws those measures which our welfare as a club demanded.

We are authorized now for the Summer, but we will call a meeting for the purpose of purchasing the eagle badge of the Junior Republic.

People are beginning to understand that opportunities to help the making of good citizens do not arise every day, and they are also becoming more interested in the brave boys and girls who are making such a plucky fight against poverty.

The Waldorf Hotel people have been reading about the Republic, and yesterday Mr. George C. Boldt sent word that the Waldorf would have a few barrels of dishes and linen and blankets ready for the Republic in a few days or so. The Waldorf knows when and how to be generous.

Some one went out shopping yesterday and sent in some good, serviceable underwear for the merchants of the Republic to sell. Elmer, the big dry goods man, on Sixth avenue, is hunting around for all the clothes he can spare. He's going to make up a big box and send it to the biggest dry goods man in the Republic.

Many people are wanting to know about sending books, clothing and other things. If any one has anything to send to the Republic let him send the Journal a notice to that effect, and the Journal will send after the things.

George J. Sanders was the first one to join "The Boys and Girls of the Republic." Who'll be the first to-day? Who'll be the first to help a poor boy to earn his own living? Who'll be the first to show an example of patriotism and generosity?

Who'll be the first to help the little Republic to grow? Who'll be the first to stretch out a helping hand to the most courageous, the most earnest, and the most deserving little community in the country?

Who wants to encourage these gallant little fellows in their struggle against poverty? Who wants to help an American boy to grow up into an American citizen who will love his country and work for it, and die for it if necessary?

Who wants to take a poor little half-starved girl out of a miserable den in a filthy street and send her to the country where she can have a few weeks of rest and quiet?

Who wants to help the boys and girls? It means so little to you, the help you give, and it means so much to them. It may mean the sacrifice of some little pleasure to you; it means life to them. It means more than mere life; it means hope and courage and the heart to look bravely at the world.

It's easy enough to be brave, and clever, and wise when you're rich. It's easy enough to keep the law, and to think of bright things to say and of kind things to do, when you've had enough to eat. What you're hungry for, is not so easy. What you are little, and weak, and poor, and neglected, when no one wants you around, when the great crowd of people rushes past you without caring whether you live or die, it isn't so easy.

When you're honest, or to work honestly, or even to grow as you should, it takes a pretty courageous spirit to rise up and say, "I will."

That's what these boys and girls of the Republic have done, that's what they're doing. They're struggling up out of the poverty and the loneliness, and the neglect, and they are leaning down now and trying to help others.

Don't you want to help them? WINDFEL BLACK.

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Hoping we can in some way further the good work you are so kindly promoting. I remain your sincere friend,
 MILES R. FRISBIE,
 President Junior Republic Elmira.

HAINES GILBERT, Secretary.

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Detailed information concerning the Junior Republic, its methods, aims, results and needs, may be obtained at the Junior Republic Public Bureau, No. 1122 Broadway, Room 11. Donations of money, furniture, clothing, tools and other articles will be received at that address.

Firemen Will Not Go to Europe. The proposed European trip of the Association of Veteran Firemen has been abandoned, owing to the fact that a number of the chief movers in the scheme have found that they will be unable to absent themselves from the city for so long a period.

The association had intended to sail today and remain abroad until August 15, but it is doubtful now whether they will take anything more than the usual two or three days' outing.

The library of President Krieger consists of a copy of the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," and a full set of Mark Twain's works. The humor of the latter affords him great amusement.

Besides the attention given by George W. Vanderbilt to his great financial interests and the rise and progress of his beautiful home in the State, he is said to be the master of eight modern languages and has a slight acquaintance with Hebrew and Sanskrit. He has also studied the dialects of the Indian tribes of this country and can converse with the deaf and dumb in their sign language.

The title given by the late H. C. Bunner to his series of stories, "Short Slices," to be "read while the candle burns," shows clearly his quaint humor. There are probably many intelligent readers that may not know that a "short slice" is a candle six of which weigh one pound. The bright stories are not the less enjoyable, even though the readers are ignorant of the significance of the name.

It is said that Henry James, the novelist, maintains that single blessedness is the only condition for an artist or genius, giving as a reason that the details of domestic life exhausts fine nerves and delicate mental fibre. He confirms his theory by living in bachelor chambers in London, entertaining his friends charmingly, and in turn being entertained by them, and yet, although surrounded by bright, attractive women, his heart still holds its allegiance to self.

The charming authoress of some very delightful books, who is now summing in "The Urethins," at Bar Harbor, received some time since a circular from England bearing this address:

"Mrs. Burton Harrison, authoress, in the street between Broadway and Mercantile Library, New York, U. S. America."

Evidently, feeling that this was not sufficiently clear to our post office authorities, in one corner was written: "Or the Thursday Evening Club, or Society Club, New York, U. S."

For the Guest Chamber. An effective decor on over the top of a bureau of white map wood, in the dainty guest room of a new home, was a band of pale yellow ribbon, on which was embroidered with black silk in Old English text the graceful inscription, "The ornament of a house is the friend who visits it." This band began with a large rosette on one side and ended on the other side with a loose bow and ends falling nearly to the lower edge of the mirror.

A gift-edged card tied with a ribbon is hung in the guest room of a house where there are many visitors. On it are marked the household hours for breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper, and the hours for outgoing and incoming mails. This little convenience may be made ornamental by painting on it a design to harmonize with the other decorations of the room.

As You Like It. For a late supper an appetizing relish, and one warmly praised by good liveries, is a fusion of devilled crab meat and cheese spread upon slices of bread fried crisp and then put in the oven until the meat and cheese are lightly browned.

An excellent salad for the season is made from sour cherries, stoned, or of the large cherry cherries, served on leaves of lettuce, covered with mayonnaise dressing.

WOMEN OF THE STATES. In Odd Callings They Have Made Name and Fame. The Following Are Equal to the Emergencies Which Confront the Self-Supporting Woman.

Miss Emma Gray is not the only female librarian in the United States, but she is a distinction of being the youngest and one of the most popular. She is a Kentucky, and owes most of her education to the Masonic fraternity, of which she was once a prominent member.

Very first Indian woman who has graduated as a trained nurse is Miss Nancy. Always a promising pupil in the school on the Onondaga reservation, she has developed into an unusual nurse, too good, she declares herself, to be consigned to a narrow sphere. She prefers to live in the East, where she can be more of her work and support herself with better pay.

Fulton, of Georgia, will testify that wives of Washington politicians some more than merely shine at afternoon teas. Mrs. Fulton is forty years of age, droll and cheerful. Her husband is seventy and not so energetic, and it is an act that his wife prepares most of his papers, which are pronounced unusual and discriminating.

French Canadian girl is making a great sensation in Lewiston, Me., by her shoes. All the men in town are bringing their old shoes, which they fully expect, before she set up business, to throw away, to be mended. Her business is big, and many a passerby pauses to watch her as she sits by her window ply her awl with zeal and grace.

Clara M. Stinson, of Houston, Me., announces proudly that she is a sawmill operator. She might have made a living at trimming hats or at planning boxes, but she preferred to run a sawmill not at arm's length or in deliberate fashion, but with enthusiasm and rare precision, supervising and personally directing her sawmill.

To a woman belongs the honor of having reduced the chances of losing life through toxemia to a minimum. Mrs. John H. Miller, of Syracuse, N. Y., has invented a dental fireman's cap, a cap which will enable a man to grope about in a stifling noisemaker for an hour. A silk sponge, through which no smoke can enter, but which admits the ingress of air in plentiful quantities, fills an aperture for the mouth, and a properly adjusted, the cap is so simple that its efficacy is apparent at a glance.

Before she was introduced into society at Newport and Washington, Miss Helen, the eldest daughter of Senator Bruce, had passed her entrance examinations at Harvard Annex. This, besides being very handsome and of an essentially American type, she is also unusually clever and serious.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony have been friends for forty-five years. Only once was their friendship threatened. Mrs. Stanton attacked her friend at part most vulnerable to women—her vanity. They had both decided upon dress as the most rational form of dress. Susan B. Anthony was the first to don it. So attired she called upon her friend, who, in the first moment of her surprise, cried: "My goodness, Susan, if I look like that in bloomers, I'll never wear 'em."

Frou-Frou. One of the fans which Mrs. Almerie got inherited from her mother, Mrs. Almerie, has gold and ivory sticks, a lace net, and is valued at the trifling sum of \$50.

Chiffon. Flower bonnets are much worn, but are in many instances made upon a foundation of green straw, in place of the wire frame. Orchids, iris and pink clover are much used in large erect bunches placed directly in front.

A black and white, more sedate model, has a crown of white silk poppies and a ruche of black and white striped chiffon, forming the brim. The trimming is a single black and white tip fastened in with an old paste and jet buckle.

Toques, while they give place to hats for many outdoor occasions, are always in demand. A charming model, seen within the week, has a crown of gold embroidery, trimmed with big turquoise beads. The brim is of thickly ruffled, pale blue chiffon, trimmed with a cluster of pink roses on each side and two blue tips at the back.

A simple but effective hat for garden parties and the like is of crimped white straw in a large, drooping shape. The brim is edged with a ruche of pale blue chiffon, and a scarf of the same is twisted round the crown, and tied on one side in a graceful bow, where a big bunch of white carnations completes the trimming.

When you have a day to be idle, be idle for a day.

A TAILOR MADE GOWN FOR EVEREST'S DESIGNER

To the woman submitting the best design for a rainy day costume, the Journal offers that costume made by a leading tailor of New York.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION. The competition will continue during this week. After Monday, July 13, no designs will be received. The decision will be made known as soon as possible after the closing of the contest. All designs must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender. A sketch accompanied by a description of the gown is desirable. The sketch need not be a finished artistic production, but should give the designer's idea. All communications should be addressed to the Editor of the Woman's Page.

JURY OF AWARD: MRS. JENNESS MILLER, MRS. DONALD M'LEAN AND DR. GRACE PEGHAM MURRAY.



First design, embodying the ideas of M. B. of New York, in regard to a rainy day costume, shows a frock made of gray and black plaid cravenette. The skirt, which reaches only to the shoe tops, is trimmed with a band of red braid. A short Eton jacket worn over a red silk waist. A black collar and a black belt, black leggings and a small black hat, trimmed with red, complete the outfit.

The second illustration shows the original idea of A. A. of Washington, D. C. The costume consists of bloomers, leggings, a shirt waist and a long redingote. The materials used are brown waterproof serge and tan-colored broadcloth. The brown bloomers are not just below the knees by brown leggings. The tight-fitting redingote has vest, epaulettes and cannibal cuffs of the tan-colored broadcloth. A sailor hat of mottled brown straw, with a straight brown band, is worn with this frock.

In the third design are embodied the ideas of Mrs. J. W. H., of New York City. The materials used are dark blue storm serge, and plaid for trimmings. The skirt reaches nearly to the ankles, and is faced with rubber on oiled silk. The jacket fits closely in the back and opens in front over a plaid waistcoat. A round, stitched hat of blue serge and leggings of the same goods complete the costume.